Viceroy, and honours and distinctions heaped upon his bronzed and blushing head.

But to others the life of Simla is lived to less trivial ends. How many have lived here for good or evil undying memories ; to how many the red of the rhododendrons, that most vivid of all flowers, must ever recall days which will never fade away. How potent the language of flowers. It is a matter of history how the yellow snapdragon, appearing annually on the grey walls of his college, spoke to that gracious undergraduate of Oriel of an Eternal Hope, and how the bright gold of its hues seemed to permeate his nature so that none other of his generation gained his charm and ascendency over men even as far apart from himself as the poles, so that that man of blood and iron Sir Richard Burton writes in his memoirs, " I took a great fancy to Dr. Newman and used to listen to his sermons when I would never give half an hour to any other preacher." And when the pink begonias first appear beneath

the snow on the Indian hills, and a little later
the pale mauve violets powder the golden
brown khud, do they not speak to all of us not
too dulled by pain to hear of the awakening
hopes of a new year?

And